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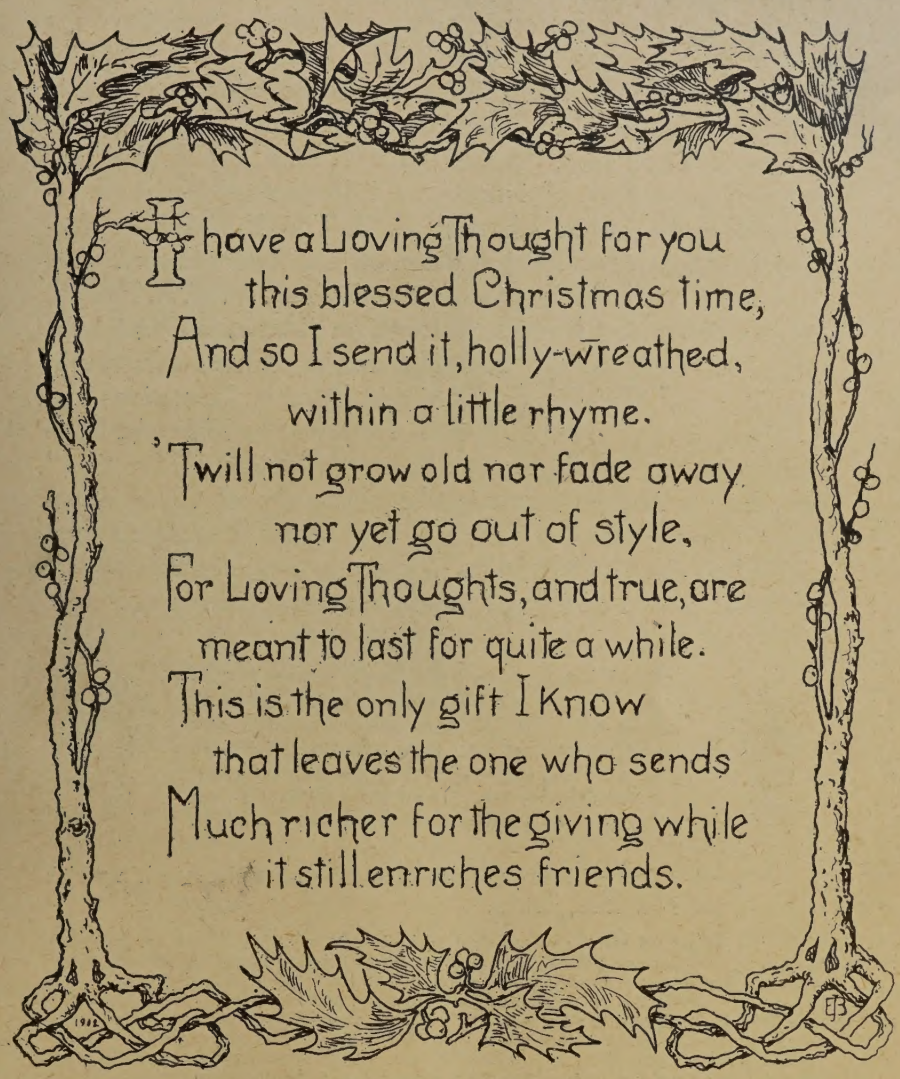
UNITY

"HE HATH MADE OF ONE ALL NATIONS OF MEN."

VOLUME L. CHICAGO, DECEMBER 18, 1902. NUMBER 16

AFTER READING EMERSON'S ESSAY ON "GIFTS."

FROM AN ETCHING BY BERTHA E. JACQUES.



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Unity Publishing Company, 3939 Langley Avenue, Chicago.

The Problems of the School the Hope of the State.

WE reprint in this week's issue the initial article in this series by Dr. Benjamin Andrews, President of the Nebraska State University, together with the article by John Dewey, Professor in the University of Chicago, on "Education by Cancellation." There are other articles already in hand from the pens of S. A. Forbes, Professor in the University of Illinois, on "How to Make the Farm Attractive to the Educated;" David Starr Jordan, President Leland Stanford University, on "The Future of Theological Seminaries;" W. H. Carruth, Professor in the Kansas State University, on "Elements of Religious Instruction in the Public Schools;" C. H. Toy, Professor in Harvard University, on "Ancient Religions and Ethics in the Public Schools." Other articles are forthcoming from W. M. R. French, Director of the Art Institute, Chicago, on "Art as a Public Asset;" Prof. John Phillips, Superintendent of Public Instruction in Birmingham, Alabama, on "Ethics in Primary Education;" L. A. Sherman, Professor of English Literature in Nebraska State University, on "Literature as an Element of Primary Education;" Geo. E. Vincent, Professor in the University of Chicago, on "Civic Loyalty;" Booker T. Washington, of the Tuskegee Industrial School, on "The Relation of Hand to Brain in Education," and other writers on living topics in the pedagogical world.

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UNITY

VOLUME L. THURSDAY, DECEMBER 18, 1902. NUMBER 16

The Eternal Miracle.

December skies today foretell
What in the ages past befell,
When with a heavenly radiance bright
A herald star shed forth its light.

And here today not less than then
Is God's great gift foretold to men.
The star of heavenly knowledge high
Is set within the soul's own sky;
The heart, a manger, open waits,
The Christ-child comes thro' heavenly gates,
And better thoughts—the wise men—start
To seek the manger in the heart,
While heavenly life in joy is born
To bless the spirit's Christmas morn.

So in ourselves on Christmas morn
The Christ-child once again is born.
So to our hearts each Christmas brings
Heaven's gift of gifts—the King of Kings.

Lydia Avery Coonley Ward.

Professor Angell's article on co-education in the November *Popular Science Monthly* is followed in the December number by one on "The Higher Education of Women," by President David Starr Jordan, of Leland Stanford University, which is equally strong in its defense of co-education, as the natural method, and the one most thoroughly justified by results. Both articles show that the friends of the system are wide awake and ready to give reasons for the faith that is in them.

The Coming Day, edited by John Page Hopps of London, says that the *Tunbridge Wells Municipal Post* is about the smallest paper in England. It sells for half a penny. And if the people of Tunbridge Wells are wise they will digest the paper and back its man. There are those of us in America who are willing to pay the full penny for anyone who will ably edit the smallest newspaper. America waits for a newspaper that will put its money in brains and not in blanket sheets of paper and floods of printer's ink.

A recent number of the *Woman's Journal* tells of the appointment of a woman physician in the prison at Athens, Greece. Another woman physican has been made professor of anatomy in a school in Milan, Italy. Iowa has appointed a woman physician in the state hospital at Cherokee. A woman physician at Franklin, N. H., has a woman coachman, the widow of a Union soldier, who is an excellent driver and takes good care of the horses. Why not? We are ashamed that we have to make notes of these things as though there were an element of surprise or extravagance in the facts collated.

When history has time to compile the facts and give the final verdict we think it will place the name of Thomas B. Reed high up on the list of America's great men. It will be seen that he was more of a statesman than a politician; that his triumphs testify to his integrity, and that his defeats were complimentary to the man. *The Woman's Journal* reminds us of his part as speaker in securing the full vote that admitted Wyoming as a state in the Union with its equal suffrage platform, a single incident, of which many will yet be gathered, which go to prove that the strong man was strong because underneath the politician was the reformer, and with his love of power (which was unquestioned) went a love of righteousness, a concern for justice.

The proceedings of the exercises of the seventy-fifth anniversary of the Unitarian Sunday School Society is published in attractive pamphlet form. It contains a history and a prophecy by the President, Edward A. Horton, and a sermon on "The Sunday School and the Child," by M. J. Savage, with a directory of the Unitarian Sunday Schools of the country. The thoughtful reader will discover between the lines evidence of hard and high work done in the direction of adjusting "the head to the heart in religion" a high task, the need of which is still pressing. In the next seventy-five years the other side of the task may present itself to those workers, a task as necessary and perhaps more difficult—that of adjusting the heart to the conclusions of the head. It is noble to make religious feelings rational; it is still more noble to fill with feeling the conclusions of reason, to make emotion a rational faith.

Miss Elizabeth McCracken's article in the November *Atlantic* on "The Book in the Tenement," is another light on a dark subject. Miss McCracken writes from the standpoint of a settlement worker. She testifies to the relish of the less favored for the masterpieces of literature that are too often neglected by the more favored. In these quarters she finds Scott and Kipling, Shakespeare and Browning recognized as friends and neighbors. It was a scrub woman who said to her: "If I'd knowed what amount of pleasure, and more still real comfort books has I'd a took to readin' 'em long afore I did." And it was a settlement girl who kept my copy of Hamlet for more than a month because "I could not get enough of reading it; the more times I read it the more times I wanted to read it again; it got hold of me so." And it was the same girl who said, "I do not always understand Browning, but there is something about his poetry that makes one want to keep on reading it anyway." What is the probable verdict of the girl on the boulevard of equal age and superior "culture" and the employer of scrub-women concerning these same authors? This is a problem in pedagogy.

Ten years make a veteran minister in the State of Washington. Alfred W. Martin is written down by the local paper as "one of the oldest pastors in point of length of service in Tacoma," and he has just been celebrating his tenth anniversary. The Free Church, of which he is Pastor, is a product of his mind and heart, a monument to his diligence. The *Tacoma Ledger* contains his anniversary sermon in full, in which sermon he rejoices that they have lived through a decade; that they have a cause that is inspiring; that there has been a decided change in public sentiment; that antagonisms have changed to appreciations and aversions to good will. He rejoices in the "goodly company of faithful and devoted workers." The one cause of disappointment that he dwells upon is the subtle "opposition of indifference;" the men and women "who sympathize but never put in an appearance, either at the meetings or in the treasury;" the men "who have no use for Free Churches until they die and then they expect its minister to conduct their funerals." UNITY congratulates the Free Church of Tacoma upon its record, rejoices in its triumphs and sympathizes with its disappointments.

In this season of giving it is well to consider how far this generation merits the oft repeated compliments as to its generosity. We hear much of great benefactions, and the statistics of "donations" are astounding. And still it is a matter of doubt as to whether this age compares favorably with the more meager ages of earlier times in its considerations "for sweet charity's sake." It is well to put over against this boast of generosity the words of M. J. Savage in a recent discourse delivered in the wealthy city of New York to an audience of wealth, those doubtless happy in a sense of public spirit and of generosity:

> "I do not know a single man, no matter how much he has given, who has given more than a few crumbs brushed off the loaves of his wealth."

If there be a decline in the so-called "charity of wealthy men," two active causes at least are discoverable. One is the demonstrations of science that what the world wants is not charity, but justice; that almsgiving, even though it be measured by the millions, is not what the world wants, and that the dollar unaccompanied by the man, money unilluminated by love has little power. The other is the munificent sums given by multi-millionaires, overshadow, depress and in some degree supplant the humble givings of men of smaller fortunes. It is a matter of regret that too many prosperous people who, because they cannot count their benefactions in thousand-dollar sums, have not heart to write them down in hundred-dollar and ten-dollar items. The attitude of too many men of means is coming to be,—Rockefeller and Carnegie are doing nobly, but then they can afford it; when we get as wealthy as they are we will do as nobly. Meanwhile too many of our citizens are standing knee-deep in the mud of things without the sense of responsibility and still less the joy of life that makes living helpful and happy.

Our friend Hillis, now pastor of the Plymouth Church of Brooklyn, was in Chicago last Sunday as the Convocation preacher of the University of Chicago, and he made a great tilt against labor unions *per se*, seeing in them a great menace to personal liberty and all the other desirable things in progress. While in the same discourse he lauded the great benefactors of the world who have built great railway systems and established great industrial plants. These he put into the category of prophets and poets, forgetting, apparently, that their achievements came through their recognition of the value of combination, the application of the principle of co-operation which he so condemns among working men, thus condemning the movement that seeks to co-ordinate labor, while approving of that same movement carried to a much higher degree of success in the manipulation of the results of capital, which is but the results of labor. We fear our friend is engaged in a more unseemly tilt than the famous one of Don Quixote against the wind-mill. He is a superficial student of society, as it seems to us, who does not recognize that the labor union has come to stay, and that the attitude of the thoughtful is not one of antagonism, but of sympathetic study. The thing to do is not to suppress, but to perfect—help these labor unions into coherence, fix their limit and define their powers by law and within law, so that they become legal entities, responsible corporations, even as the combinations of capital are supposed to be. The crudities of the labor unions are many; their mistakes, some of them, are apparent, their dangers are obvious, but the remedy is not less union, but more union. The way out of the trouble is through it and not by backing out of it. Mr. Hillis's plea for individual ethics and individual responsibility was well-timed; it cannot be overstated. And still, he is a reactionist, a reminiscent of undemocratic ethics and religion who fails to see that personal ethics is only half ethical; that the individual is a fraction of the community, and that the dictum of the poet is a sociological demonstration and scientific fact:

> "The soul is lost that's saved alone."

"Peace on Earth."

Do the nations of the world mean it? If not, let them cease to mock the "Prince of Peace" with their Christmas cant. Let all Christendom hang its head in humiliation over the revelations of brutality and barbarism being manifested on the shores of Venezuela in these days. We know not where the blame is. Unquestionably the crude little republic is impecunious, very likely dishonest; and Germany and England have a right to every penny that is rightfully theirs, although the penny be found in the purseless pocket of a barefooted waif.

But this does not justify the playing of the big bully on the part of those pretentious rulers of empires, and they are not one whit nearer their dues for the rough vandalism that scuttled the little toy navy boats of that poor little country of half-breeds that is trying to reach up into the life of a republic. And one thing is pretty sure—neither of these bullying Powers would have

pitched so precipitately into one of their size in default of the petty little sum they claim.

It is not for this country to display excessive zeal to act as guardian for the hot-headed President of Venezuela in his present perplexity. Let no naval officer of the United States yield to the itching to pluck laurels from the brow of a worthier foe than Spain proved to be. Not even any little punctillio in maintaining the Monroe doctrine would justify our jeopardizing the blessings of peace now existing between the great Powers of the would-be civilized world. Let cool heads, not yellow journalism, dictate the policy of the nation. Even Venezuela has a right to fair play, and fair play never yet waited upon the arbitrament of war, particularly when a great nation plays the part of a big bully and "smashes" a little urchin. It is probable that both Great Britain and Germany have already wasted more money in this little flurry than their maximum claim against the government.

This is the time for all lovers of peace to stand up and be counted. What does the Peace Congress of The Hague and the boasted Court of Arbitration signify if it is incapable of settling a mere matter of accounts and of collecting a few thousand dollars of legitimate debt which one country may owe another?

The transaction in the harbor of Venezuela ought not to be dignified with serious considerations. It is a case for ridicule, sarcasm, caricature. Let all the Powers of the earth point the finger at this manifestation of boyish petulance, of impatience on the one hand, and what is probably impish insolence on the other, and cry Shame! Shame! Let the parties in this fracas in an alley be separated by turning the hose on them and then let them be carried off to the nearest office of a justice of the peace and let the petty account be audited and the petty debt paid. After Germany has had its claim adjusted let it be required to raise again the sunken toy boats, put patches on the holes it punched into the harmless bottoms and give back to the Venezuelans their little ships that they may go on amusing themselves by playing the game of Navy, a game which has proven so fascinating to larger, better educated and perhaps better mannered "Powers."

The Miners' Side of the Story.

The Anthracite Commission has begun to justify the hopes that were entertained when it was formed, that at length the public would know the actual conditions in the coal fields, over which there had been so much controversy between the operators and the miners' representatives. Some of the recent revelations are startling enough, and make one very glad the investigation was not stopped, if the cases are at all representative. Here are two of the worst, taken from recent testimony:

"An old miner, decrepit from many injuries, told under examination of how an eviction was carried on. The wife was sick, and her hundred-year-old mother was blind and unable to walk. The day on which they were thrown out was rainy. He took them as best he could to Hazleton, seven miles away, and placed them in a cold, damp, empty house. This was last month, when the atmosphere on the Hazleton mountain was quite cold. His wife became worse. Medical aid was kindly furnished free by a Hazleton doctor, but it did not help her much.

" 'We were greatly worried because of our having been turned out of the house, and one night,' the witness said, between sobs, 'she died.' 'She died?' said Judge Gray, who was pacing to and fro across the room, as he quickly turned when he heard the man's last words. 'Yes, sir; she died, and I buried her yesterday.' "

The Commissioners, and the others present, would have been less than men if they had not been, as the report goes on, "deeply affected by the old miner's story." Later in the same day another case came up which deserves to stand beside this one, for the depth of its infamy.

"Mrs. Kate Burns, of Jeddo, was then called to the stand and told a story of how she and her two boys worked thirteen years to pay off an accumulated house rent and coal bill due to the Markle company, the narration of which deeply interested the Commissioners. She was examined by Lawyer Darrow and

In answer to his questions she said her husband was an engineer inside the Markle mines. The husband was killed underground, leaving her with four children, the oldest of which was a boy of eight years. The company never offered her a penny, but the employes gave her about $180 to defray the funeral expenses.

After her husband had been killed she moved from her four-room house into one containing only two, one room above the other, and for the next six years she struggled as best she could to get along. She took in washing, scrubbed for the neighbors and once in a while she was given work cleaning the offices of the Markle company. During these six years she said she kept her children at school. As the eldest child was fourteen years old she sent him to the mines to help earn the daily bread. At the end of the first month the lad brought home his wage statement, showing that the mother owed $396 for back rent. The boy's wages for the month had been taken off the bill and he came home empty handed. She submitted to this, and in the course of time her next boy was old enough to help earn a living and he, too, was sent to the colliery.

Like the other boy, the second boy received no pay, his earnings being deducted for rent. The mother on the witness stand was by this time welling up, and when she added that the money she earned for cleaning the Markle office was never given her but kept by the company for rent, the commissioners looked at one another in surprise. She said it took the three of them thirteen years to make up the debt, the mother's earnings from the neighbors being the principal contribution toward the maintenance of the family. The debt was cleared last August. During the six years from the time her husband was killed until the time when the first boy went to work the company had never asked her for rent.

This is the one spot of comparative brightness in this desperate story. Let us make the most of it, for the sake of our faith in human nature! But no kindness was intended. The amount of the rent was accumulating until the coal company could exact the last dram of its pound of flesh. *Thirteen years* paying off the debt to the company in whose service the husband and father had given his life! The grief of the old miner who lost his wife because of the eviction may have been sharper. But thirteen years out of the lives of this mother and her sons working from their boyhood without recompense except the knowledge that their father's honor was being kept clear, and their own honesty unquestioned. And do we say that slavery has been abolished in America?

This Markle company is the one whose representative at the conference with the President at Washington urged him to suppress the anarchy in the coal

regions with the strong arm of the military at his command. He referred to the violence of some of the miners against the non-union men. We have no wish to palliate that. But the conditions here hinted at, even if the cases are exceptional, are of the sort that make men anarchists.

It was Isaiah, the prophet, who said twenty-six centuries ago in Jerusalem, "The Lord will enter into judgment with the elders of his people, and the princes thereof: It is ye that have eaten up the vineyard; the spoil of the poor is in your houses: what mean ye that ye crush my people and grind the face of the poor? saith the Lord, the Lord of hosts."

There is need in America today for such prophesying. If we are to be saved from anarchy, it will be by putting souls into those corporations that now show themselves soulless. Let the revelations continue. The more the conscience of the nation can be aroused to a real sense of the wrongs that have been tolerated the nearer the solution will be at hand. The danger is only that so long as the politicians go on telling us of our fat prosperity we shall forget the cause of the widow and the orphan, and continue to grind the faces of the poor as of old. R. W. B.

Milton "On the Morning of Christ's Nativity".

No more significant evidence of the commercial character of the time and place in which we live can be offered than the fact that our business houses have been preparing for the Christmas trade for months, while our churches have postponed the strain as long as possible. The evergreen has been put in place by the shop keepers, and their windows are already presenting holiday attractiveness, while the moral and spiritual significance, the soul-preparation for the season, is as yet scarcely thought of. The "Christmas Bazaar" is too often *the* Christmas event in the very church itself. Even in our homes, among the women and children, it is to be feared that Christmas often presents itself chiefly as a gift-giving and gift-taking perplexity.

How to ameliorate in some degree this commercialism, to alleviate the perplexities of the Christmas shopping and elevate the significance of the Christmas goodwill in preparation for the higher ministrations of the season and the deeper interpretations of its message and its mission, is the annually recurring Christmas problem. The Christian centuries inherited the great sun-festival from their fore-elders of Rome, Greece, Egypt and their antecedents. Into the great Saturnalia, the joyous sun-festival of antiquity, a grateful people have projected the angel song of "peace on earth and goodwill to men," and with high indifference to records, dates, and external facts, the story of the nativity, the birth songs and legends of the humble Nazarene, have been grafted upon this world-wide and ancient festival. So successful has Christendom been in appropriating this great festival, that, for the most part, the cosmic and human root is forgotten. It has fallen away or been absorbed, and there remains only the personal root, the historic tradition, the spiritual potency of Jesus of Nazareth, the Christ from heaven. The incarnate God alone remains as the adequate, in popular estimation, the only explanation of the great festival of goodwill.

But while we need not lose sight of the ancient roots of Christmas, let us heartily accept the new name and the later vitality. This festival is a great poem thrown out of the poetic heart of the greatest of poets, the corporate heart of humanity. Greater than the matchless Shakespeare, greater than the deathless author of Job, and greater than the bards of the elder world or all the singers of the later day, is the greater humanity which produced Shakespeare and his poetry, the bards themselves, as well as their rythmic numbers.

This is the season of song, the time of poetry, and he who would understand the Christmas poem must rise on the wings of reflection and earnest thought into the realms of highest poetry. If we would understand and appreciate the coming glad season, probe the noisy and expansive shell into the spirit where alone the gladness lurks, we must awaken the poet that lies dormant in our souls.

For this purpose we think it a service to our readers to present to them in available form the whole of Milton's great hymn, "On the Morning of Christ's Nativity," by common consent the noblest Christmas poem in English literature.

In a Latin letter to a friend and schoolmate, written on the Christmas Day that gave the poem birth, the author thus describes its origin:

> "We are engaged in singing the heavenly birth of the King of Peace, and the happy age promised by the holy books, and the infant cries and cradling in a manger under a poor roof of that God who rules, with his Father, the kingdom of Heaven, and the sky with the new-sprung star in it, and the ethereal choirs of hymning angels, and the gods of heathen eld suddenly fleeing to their endangered fanes. This is the gift which we have presented to Christ's natal day. On that very morning, at daybreak, it was first conceived. The verses, which are composed in the vernacular, await your criticism; you shall be the judge to whom I shall recite them."

Does not this prepare us to take the whole poem for our Christmas preparation? Let it interpret for us the power of historic Christianity, the beauty, majesty, and potency of the Christ of Christendom, the "great redeemer" of the sin-tossed multitudes, the "incarnate God" of the soul-transforming mediatorship. Let us not make the mistake concerning this Christmas hymn which the theologians and the dogmatists have made concerning the great epic of the "Fall of Man," mistaking poetry for philosophy, flights of the imagination for history, and poetic fancy for revelation and dogma. As a matter of fact, one of the latest things he ever wrote, "A Treatise on Christian Doctrine," lost for one hundred and fifty years and only re-discovered in 1823, shows that Milton's own thought concerning Jesus and many other subjects was anything but "orthodox." In that tract it becomes apparent that he was an anti-Trinitarian. With Locke and Newton, he laid aside the incomprehensibilities of the Trinity and taught the created and subordinate character of the son, distinct from the father, inferior to him, the first of creation's glory. In this tract he argued against the popular theology that "God created the universe out of nothing"; and held to the Quaker doctrine of

continued revelation and the inner light. But in this Christmas hymn he dealt, not with doctrine and dogma, but with the emotions, the idealities that awoke Europe into life, that kindled its imagination until it bloomed into poetry and civilization.

Since we have dared introduce this high psalmody with a word of clumsy prose, let us add the hope that this preparation song for Christmas may lift our celebrations out of the infantile levels into which they have sunk in these later days. Child-like let our hearts and spirits and ministrations be, but not child-ish. Let the majesty of this Hymn move through our thoughts, and children will be awed into the joy, silenced into the reverences and swayed by the potencies that become the Christmas time. If we would duly impress our children with the story of the Christ-child, let us place it as the great Church of Rome does, at the heart of our church service, rim it with a halo of dignity, let the spirit of nineteen centuries accentuate its majesty.

The Hymn.

It was the winter wild,
While the Heaven-born child,
  All meanly wrapt, in the rude manger lies;
Nature, in awe to Him
Had dofft her gaudy trim,
  With her great Master so to sympathize,
It was no season then for her
To wanton with the sun, her lusty paramour.

Only with speeches fair
She woos the gentle air,
  To hide her guilty front with innocent snow;
And on her naked shame,
Pollute with sinful blame,
  The saintly veil of maiden white to throw;
Confounded, that her Maker's eyes
Should look so near upon her foul deformities.

But He, her fears to cease,
Sent down the meek-eyed Peace;
  She, crowned with olive green, came softly sliding
Down through the turning sphere
His ready harbinger,
  With turtle wing the amorous clouds dividing;
And waving wide her myrtle wand,
She strikes a universal peace through sea and land.

Nor war, or battle's sound,
Was heard the world around;
  The idle spear and shield were high up hung;
The hooked chariot stood
Unstained with hostile blood;
  The trumpet spake not to the armed throng;
And kings sat still with aweful eye,
As if they surely knew their sovereign Lord was by.

But peaceful was the night,
Wherein the Prince of Light
  His reign of peace upon the earth began:
The winds, with wonder whist,
Smoothly the waters kist,
  Whispering new joys to the mild ocean,
Who now hath quite forgot to rave,
While birds of calm sit brooding on the charmed wave.

The stars with deep amaze
Stand fixed in steadfast gaze,
  Bending one way their precious influence,
And will not take their flight,
For all the morning light,
  Or Lucifer that often warned them thence;
But in their glimmering orbs did glow,
Until their Lord himself bespake, and bid them go.

And though the shady gloom
Had given day her room,
  The sun himself withheld his wonted speed,
And hid his head for shame,
As his inferior flame
  The new enlightened world no more should need;
He saw a greater sun appear
Than his bright throne or burning axletree could bear.

The shepherds on the lawn,
Or e'er the point of dawn,
  Sat simply chatting in a rustic row;
Full little thought they then
That the mighty Pan
  Was kindly come to live with them below;
Perhaps their loves, or else their sheep,
Was all that did their silly thoughts so busy keep.

When such music sweet
Their hearts and ears did greet,
  As never was by mortal finger strook,
Divinely warbled voice,
Answering the stringed noise,
  As all their souls in blissful rapture took:
The air, such pleasure loath to lose,
With thousand echoes still prolongs each heavenly close.

Nature, that heard such sound,
Beneath the hollow round
  Of Cynthia's seat, the airy region thrilling,
Now was almost won
To think her part was done,
  And that her reign had here its last fulfilling;
She knew such harmony alone
Could hold all heaven and earth in happier union.

At last surrounds their sight
A globe of circular light,
  That with long beams the shame-faced night arrayed;
The helmed Cherubim,
And sworded Seraphim,
  Are seen in glittering ranks with wings displayed,
Harping in loud and solemn choir,
With unexpressive notes, to Heaven's new-born Heir.

Such music (as 't is said)
Before was never made,
  But when of old the sons of morning sung,
While the Creator great
His constellations set,
  And the well-balanced world on hinges hung,
And cast the dark foundations deep,
And bid the weltering waves their oozy channel keep.

Ring out, ye crystal spheres,
Once bless our human ears,
  If ye have power to touch our senses so;
And let your silver chime
Move in melodious time;
  And let the bass of heaven's deep organ blow,
And with your ninefold harmony
Make up full consort to the angelic symphony.

For if such holy song
Inwrap our fancy long,
  Time will run back, and fetch the age of gold,
And speckled Vanity
Will sicken soon and die;
  And leprous Sin will melt from earthly mould;
And Hell itself will pass away,
And leave her dolorous mansions to the peering day.

Yea, Truth and Justice then
Will down return to men,
  Orbed in a rainbow; and, like glories wearing,
Mercy will sit between,
Throned in celestial sheen,
  With radiant feet the tissued clouds down steering.
And Heaven, as at some festival,
Will open wide the gates of her high palace hall.

But wisest Fate says, no,
This must not yet be so;
  The Babe yet lies in smiling infancy,
That on the bitter cross
Must redeem our loss,
  So both Himself and us to glorify;
Yet first to those ychained in sleep,
The wakeful trump of doom must thunder through the deep.

With such a horrid clang
As on Mount Sinai rang,
  While the red fire and smouldering clouds outbrake:
The aged earth, aghast
With terror of that blast,
  Shall from the surface to the centre shake;
When at the world's last session,
The dreadful Judge in middle air shall spread His throne.

And then at last our bliss
Full and perfect is,
  But now begins: for, from this happy day,
The old Dragon underground,

In straiter limits bound;
  Not half so far casts his usurped sway,
And, wroth to see his kingdom fail,
Swinges the scaly horror of his folded tail.

The oracles are dumb:
No voice or hideous hum
  Runs through the arched roof in words deceiving.
Apollo from his shrine
Can no more divine,
  With hollow shriek the steep of Delphos leaving.
No nightly trance, or breathed spell,
Inspires the pale-eyed priest from the prophetic cell.

The lonely mountains o'er,
And the resounding shore,
  A voice of weeping heard, and loud lament;
From haunted spring, and dale
Edged with poplar pale,
  The parting genius is with sighing sent;
With flower-inwoven tresses torn,
The nymphs in twilight shade of tangled thickets mourn.

In consecrated earth,
And on the holy hearth,
  The Lars and Lemures moan with midnight plaint;
In urns and altars round,
A drear and dying sound
  Affrights the Flamens at their service quaint;
And the chill marble seems to sweat,
While each peculiar Power foregoes his wonted seat.

Peor and Baälim
Forsake their temples dim,
  With that twice-battered God of Palestine;
And mooned Ashtaroth,
Heaven's queen and mother both,
  Now sits not girt with tapers' holy shine;
The Lybic Hammon shrinks his horn,
In vain the Tyrian maids their wounded Thammuz mourn.

And sullen Moloch, fled,
Hath left in shadows dread
  His burning idol all of blackest hue;
In vain with cymbals' ring
They call the grisly king
  In dismal dance about the furnace blue;
The brutish gods of Nile as fast,
Isis and Orus, and the dog Anubis, haste.

Nor is Osiris seen
In Memphian grove or green,
  Trampling the unshowered grass with lowings loud;
Nor can he be at rest
Within his sacred chest;
  Naught but profoundest hell can be his shroud;
In vain with timbrelled anthems dark
The sable-stoled sorcerers bear his worshipped ark.

He feels from Judah's land
The dreaded Infant's hand,
  The rays of Bethlehem blind his dusky eyn;
Nor all the gods beside
Longer dare abide;—
  Not Typhon huge ending in snaky twine;
Our Babe, to show his Godhead true,
Can in his swaddling bands control the damned crew.

So when the sun in bed,
Curtained with cloudy red,
  Pillows his chin upon an orient wave,
The flocking shadows pale
Troop to the infernal jail,
  Each fettered ghost slips to his several grave,
And the yellow-skirted fays
Fly after the night steeds, leaving their moon-loved maze.

But see, the Virgin blest
Hath laid her Babe to rest,
  Time is our tedious song should here have ending;
Heaven's youngest-teemed star
Hath fixed her polished car,
  Her sleeping Lord with handmaid lamp attending;
And all about the courtly stable
Bright-harnessed angels sit in order serviceable.

THE PROBLEMS OF THE SCHOOL THE HOPE OF THE STATE.

III.

Ancient Religion and Ethics in the Public Schools.*

BY C. H. TOY, PROFESSOR OF HEBREW AND OTHER ORIENTAL LANGUAGES, HARVARD UNIVERSITY.

In dealing in the public schools with ancient religions and morals it will be necessary to omit the Hebrew religion and morals. Any treatment of them would be sure to give offense; whether they were regarded as natural or as supernatural, as superior or as not superior to other systems. Some one's religious sensibilities would be wounded and it would be alleged that some creed was favored or opposed; and this the public school teaching must not do. But for the other ancient religions there is plenty of material that may be used lawfully in the state schools. The cults that might profitably be referred to are the Chinese, the Egyptian, the Semitic (except the Hebrew), especially the Babylonian-Assyrian and the Phoenician (the Arabic also might be included), the Indian (Brahmanic, Buddhist, etc.); the Zoroastrian, the Greek, the Roman, and the Germanic and Celtic might be added. As to savage religions and ethics we know nothing directly of their history in the ancient world, but there are survivals of them in the civilized cults and they would thus be indirectly considered. The teacher might choose his topics from one or another of the systems as his own opportunities and preferences and the character of his pupils may suggest. Here I shall undertake only to mention some lines of instruction that seem feasible.

As to religion, one main point to be brought out is that religious progress (in ceremonies and ideas) goes hand in hand with the general progress of civilization. The teacher might make this clear by illustrations, of which the following are examples: The old totemic civil constitution was set aside by the adoption of agriculture. The taboo system vanished before the growth of moral ideas and the demand of convenience (consequent on the closer union of men in societies). Human sacrifice yielded to considerations of humanity. The priesthood grew up with civil institutions (monarchy, courts of law, etc.), and became a powerful instrument of moral training and literary culture, as well as of oppressive conservation and religious tyranny. Soothsayers and magicians came to be regarded by intelligent persons with contempt (though they have always kept their hold on the masses.) Ceremonies and festivals lost their magical character and became more humane and rational. The conception of the divine tended toward unity and morality (Egypt, Assyria, Babylonia, India, Persia, Greece, Rome), and future existence was more and more thought of as ethical companionship with God.

The other main point that I shall mention is the break-up of the old national religions and the movement toward the formation of churches. This point, involving wider historical knowledge and maturer reflection than the other, should be reserved for the more advanced pupils. The teacher must make it plain how, under the influence of science, philosophy and general culture, the intelligent people lost interest in the old gods, and how the old national cults became practically impossible (Socrates, Euripides, Cicero). Then the

Dear UNITY.

I send the enclosed sketch: it is all that I can do at present, but hope it may at least serve to bring the subject to the attention of teachers and the general public. Perhaps a suggestion of topics is all that is needed for a beginning. If there should be any manifestation of interest in the matter I might at a future day send you a longer article. With best regards. Sincerely yours, C. H. TOY.

Florence, Italy, Oct. 27, 1902.

use of Buddhism, Zoroastrianism and the Greek mysteries might be described. The origin and character of the sacred books would be a fruitful theme, best illustrated by reading parts of them.

The same general plan might be followed in the treatment of ancient ethics. The actual moral life of the various people should be described and the material should be drawn from original sources: for the Greeks and the Romans from the historians, biographers, satirists, philosophers and poets; for the Chinese and Hindoos from tales and epic poems. The teacher should point out the agreements and disagreements in different communities and show how the ethical practices sprang from the social conditions. The formal ethical codes also should be mentioned and compared one with another. The good and the bad points should be indicated. It would be worth while to explain the difference between religion and ethics, and to show how in every age religion has adopted in general the current ethics, though sometimes lagging behind the most advanced ethical thought and practice.

It is not to be supposed that a teacher in any one year could deal with all or with many of these topics; he might choose one or two and spend time enough on them to make them clear to the pupil. It would be no light task for a teacher; he would have to read and think a good deal. The practical difficulty of giving such courses in the public schools would be great; the present teachers are already hard worked, and the appointment of special instructors for this subject is improbable. But a beginning might be made. The teachers of Greek and Latin might throw in something in connection with the daily lessons, and physics and chemistry might be made to contribute. An occasional special lecture on a Greek god or festival, on some ceremony of sacrifice, on a sacred book, would, perhaps, be possible. As to the literature, lists of authorities will be found in the great encyclopaedias (in such articles as "religion," "ethics," "totemism," "taboo," "sacrifice," etc.), in Chantepic de la Saussaye's "Manual," Jevon's "Introduction," Jastrow's "Study of Religion," and similar works. Some of these books will be accessible in most public libraries, and the teacher's own library will often supply him with enough material on some one subject to enable him to present it effectively.

To the Ambitious.

Stop awhile in the race!
  Linger and rest;
In reaching after the good
  You are missing the best.
  Linger awhile and rest,
Slacken your pace.

Here is a babbling brook
  Close to your feet;
In straining after the grand,
  You are passing the sweet,
  Here is wisdom complete—
Open the book!

Hark to the bird that sings;
  Lend him your ear;
In striving after the far
  You forfeit the near;
  Ears that are willing to hear
Are better than wings.

Here are sweet flowers that smile
  Into your face;
In hasting so at the start
  You are losing the race.
  He who is wise, for a space
Rests by the stile.

He, for the good of his soul,
  Lists the bird's song,
Smiles on the flowers at his feet,
  Bathes in the brook, and, ere long,
  Rising, refreshed and strong,
Reaches the goal.

—*The Sunday Magazine.*

Christ and the People.

That Christ has loved all common folk,
  That by the sea or country dwell,
  For all the people still doth tell;
Who puts on poor a galling yoke,
  Bind thus anew the Christ as well!

WILLIAM BRUNTON.

Co-Education Once More.

Among the many good, bad and indifferent things written of late about co-education, I think "A Man's View" in *The Outlook* for December 13, comes the nearest offering a satisfactory explanation for the widespread interest in this question.

In the first place, I believe the writer of this article is right in saying that the protest comes NOT from the college and university faculties, but from the college men, and that their reason for making this protest is that co-education destroys the glamor that formerly existed in the minds of women in regard to men. Owing to man's position in the political and business world, he is apt to arrogate to himself certain superior enlightenment.

Women educated by themselves, no matter how thorough the training, remain ignorant of the real qualifications of men and always defer, more or less meekly, to their assumption of superior wisdom.

When men and women meet in the class room and wrestle over the same problems, women soon discover than men are human like themselves, that they have the same foibles, weaknesses and mental blind-spots. With the highest type of men and women this discovery tends to deepen the feeling of mutual dependence and to produce a truer and more self-respecting *comarderie*, but there is a type of man who cannot stand this test. He must be superior to someone or he is not sure that he is superior. Or, as a clever business man put it the other day while discussing this same question: "Men have no mercy with each other. A man is snubbed in his own office, on the street and at the caucus. If he cannot put on a few superior airs at home what is to become of his self-respect." This man wished me to understand that he was joking, but I have wondered if there were not an undercurrent of earnestness in what he said.

Another story makes still plainer what I mean. A young fellow was going to an eastern university to study for his doctor's degree. He was talking over with me certain plans for the future, and I suggested giving him letters of introduction to some young women I knew and remarked:

"You will enjoy meeting them for they, too, are interested in these problems of economics."

"No you don't, Miss Gordon," he replied, hastily. "I do not care to get acquainted with them. They are too *infernally clever* and make a fellow feel so *deuced uncomfortable*. If you know some pretty, amusing girls who can rest a fellow after he has been digging all day, I would like to know them," and then, remembering to whom he was speaking, he said, apologetically: "You know with you it is different. When I come to see you I expect to talk sense, but when I go to see a YOUNG woman it is different."

The moral is plain. With co-education too many girls will talk sense and the poor boy who "digs" all day will have no one to amuse him in the evenings.

Fargo, N. D. ELINOR E. GORDON.

A great purpose is ever an isolation. Should a soldier leading the forlorn hope complain that the army is not abreast of him.

Many men acquire insomnia in standing guard over their reputation, while their character gives them no concern.—*William George Jordan.*

THE SUNDAY SCHOOL.

Second Series—A Study of Special Habits.

By W. L. SHELDON, Lecturer of the Ethical Society of St. Louis.

CHAPTER X.

BEING SOLDIERLY.

Proverbs, or Verses.

"All are not soldiers who go to the wars."
"He is not a good soldier who fights with his tongue."
"The best soldiers are from the plow."
"The stern joy that warriors feel
In foemen worthy of their steel."—*Sir Walter Scott.*
"A good cause makes a stout heart and a strong arm."

Dialogue.

Note to the Teacher.—As boys and girls are always interested in soldiers, it might be well to give two or three lessons to this subject, drawing out the children's views and discovering how much they know about it, at the same time, in a quiet way, introducing the ethical points every now and then, and without making this feature too conspicuous, gradually working up to the point that being soldierly *is a habit*, and that men only become good soldiers by *long drill.*

Did you ever see a soldier in the streets? How does he look? In what way does he seen unlike the ordinary person? "Why," you tell me, "he dresses differently. He wears a uniform."

What do you mean by a uniform? "Oh," you reply, "it is a dress of certain color or certain shape." Quite true. But is that all? "No," you continue, "sometimes he carries a gun or wears a sword."

But if he did not wear any special uniform or carry any weapon, do you think you could ever recognize that a man was a soldier? "Yes, perhaps," you suggest.

How would you know? "By the way he walks, for instance," you say; "the way he holds himself, or the way he stands." But what is the difference between his walk, or the way he holds himself, and the walk of other people?

"In that regard," you add, "it is more *soldier-like.* He stands straighter, holds his shoulders more erect, perhaps."

How many kinds of soldiers do we have? What is the most usual type? "Why," you answer, "the foot soldier, the 'private,' as he is called; the one who marches on foot."

And what other kind of soldiers may there be, who do not march on foot? "Well," you continue, "there are the horsemen, who fight on horseback, the cavalry."

If a country had only cavalry and foot soldiers, would it always be safe? What if ships came sailing over the seas to make an attack? "Oh," you add, "there is also the navy." Yes. Then you would have a third kind of soldier, those who fight on warships.

But do you suppose that all soldiers fight with guns or revolvers or swords? What other class would they have need of in an army? "As to that," you say, "there are the men who look after the cannon or big guns." Yes, that is true. We may call them the artillerymen. But are you going to stop there? Who make the music?

"Oh, yes," you assure me, "there is the band." But are they not soldiers? "True," you answer, "they wear the uniform. They are soldiers. They too must be in the battle, if the fighting is going on."

And how are the men in an army graded? Who ranks above the private soldier? "O," you exclaim, "the officers." And what are the titles of some of the officers? "Captain, lieutenant, colonel, general?" Yes. How about the titles of officers on the sea, in the navy? What terms do they have? "Commander?" "Admiral?" Yes.

Now come to the main point. What are soldiers for? "Why, to fight," you assert. Do you mean that all the soldiers in the army at the present time have been in war, and have had to fight? "No, not yet," you admit, "but they may have to do this sometime." But if there should be no more war in this country for the next fifty years, as long as these men live, would they not have been real soldiers?

"Yes," you insist. And would it not be important to have soldiers in the country just the same? "Perhaps," you answer. Why so? I ask.

"Oh," you add, "we may need to have them so as to avoid the necessity of war." What do you mean by that?

"Why," you explain, "if other nations know that we have soldiers and a good many of them and so can defend ourselves, they are less liable to attack us."

Then you imply that soldiers are here not only for the sake of fighting, but also for the sake of making fighting unnecessary. That is quite an interesting point.

Are all soldiers just alike, do you suppose? "Not by any means," you assert. Why not? A soldier is a soldier. He wears a uniform, is ready to go into battle.

"True," you add, "but some may march better than others, fight better, show more courage. Some will run away more quickly than others."

If so, then which class of soldiers do you think would fight or march or do their work better; those who had been in the army quite a long time, or those who had been there only for a short while?

"Surely," you say, "those who have been in the army quite a long time." But how do you explain that?" I ask. Can not a man study, read books and find out how to be a soldier, and then become a good soldier at once by that means?

You smile at that, I see. But why? "Because," you insist, "a soldier must have drill." What do you mean by that? I ask.

"Why," you point out, "he must march with other men and go through the movements, do what the others do. He must practise." Well, how much? For a week or ten days, do you think?

"No," you add, "for a long time. He must practice a great deal." Why is it that a man cannot walk in a soldierly way or make the movements at once when they are described to him?

"As to that," you answer, " a man might do it correctly the first time. But it is another thing to do it in that way right along." But what if he keeps thinking about it all the time? "If he must keep thinking about it all the while," you reply, "he would not be able to think about anything else."

What is it, after all, more than anything else, that makes a soldier? What sort of discipline? "Oh," you say, "drill and a good deal of it." You assert, then, do you, that a man must be made to do the same thing over and over again, hundreds of times, until he does it without thinking anything about it. Is that it?

And so being a soldier is something that comes only as a habit, is it; and the true soldier will only be so in so far as he has the habit of a soldier?

And yet, these men will do very little fighting. I suppose if a war were to last several years, very few soldiers would actually be in a battle more than a few times, and that only for a day or two at a time. What is all this drill for? Is it just in order to fit a man for a battle?

"Yes," you insist, "that is what it must be for; just so that a man will be ready to fight when the time comes."

When there is a battle, for instance, what is the feeling in the mind of the soldier, do you suppose? Would he be perfectly quiet, unexcited, just as if it were a time of peace and there were no war at all?

"Oh no," you smile at that; "of course he would be

tremendously excited." Why? "Because," you answer, "there would be the danger. He might get killed. Perhaps other people are being killed all around him."

What would happen, if he got too excited? "Oh," you exclaim, "he would be frightened and would want to run away," you answer. And what is it that would keep him from being frightened or wishing to escape? "His courage," you reply.

And where does he get that courage? "As to that," you explain, "it may come naturally to him." But is that all? Do you think that a man who had never had any experience as a soldier and never was on a field of battle, would be as cool and steady as another who had had long drill? "No," you admit, "it is the drill that does it more than anything else." Yes, I believe you are right.

But what if it were a sudden danger; almost all persons, if they are courageous, can face a sudden danger, can they not? "True," you say, "but if the danger lasts for a long while, a whole day or several days, then it is another matter."

Have you any idea how long men usually have to serve as soldiers in order to receive the proper drill, in those countries where every man has to be a soldier? "Oh, a long while," you say.

Yes. Over in Germany, for instance, most of them are obliged to be soldiers for at least two years. This seems a long time, does it not? Yet there is a difference. Some of the citizens of that country only serve one year. And those are the educated men who graduate from a college. They have to go through the drill for one year, while the uneducated have to undergo it for two or three.

Can you see the reason for this? "Yes," you say, "the educated man can learn more quickly, adapt himself better."

Do you mean that education it self is a kind of drill, a drill for the mind, if it is thorough, somewhat similar to the drill in the legs and arms which a man gets when he becomes a solider? If so, the educated man has in a way been put through part of a soldier's training, in the hard discipline of study and mental work.

Suppose, however, a man had all the courage that was necessary so that he would never be afraid, and were strong and vigorous so that he could go on marching and never get tired; suppose he knew how to carry a musket or to use a sword as well as any other man. Then do you see why he should need any drill?

"Yes," you assert, "he must be able to learn how to move with the other soldiers." True. One fighter all by himself would not be good for much. In order to be a real soldier one has to be drilled for days and weeks and months along with others, so that the men can all work together, or move together, or act together.

You see, if in moments of excitement men lose their heads and forget, they may not act together at all, and get all mixed up and confused. Unless they have had the drill, making them all move together in one way without thinking anything about it, they would make poor soldiers when the battle came on.

Suppose now we write down some of the qualities of a good soldier, noting them one by one. What is the first one you would think of? "Courage," you say? Yes. But go on. That is not enough. Must he be strong or be able to endure? "Of course," you assure me. Put that down also: "Endurance."

But what if a man, for instance, was not afraid at all; was brave and bold and able to endure a great deal; yet took his own way and acted as he pleased on the battlefield. Would he be a good soldier? "Not by any means," you exclaim.

Then what would be wanting? What also would he have to do? "Why," you tell me, "he would have to obey orders, do exactly what he is told to do."

You mean to say, then, that a soldier has to obey, just like a child? Very well. Put that down: "Obedience to orders."

Do officers have to obey orders, like the private soldiers? "Yes," you explain, "they must obey the orders of their superior officers." And these superior officers? "Yes, they must obey the orders of the President."

Have we come to the end of the list, do you think? What if a man were to shoot his gun the wrong way, or not know how to load it; would he be a good soldier?

"No," you smile, "of course not." What else shall we put down besides? What other quality? "Knowledge," you add? Yes. He must *know how* to obey orders, and not merely be willing to obey. He must know how to do what he is told to do.

Have we come to the end of this list? Knowledge, the Spirit of Obedience, Endurance, Courage. That is a great deal. But what if he were slow or awkward; would he still be a good soldier? "No, indeed." What else, then, shall we add? "Why," you say, "quickness or promptness." Yes. He must not only know how to do his work, but be able to do it with great quickness or speed.

By the way, do you recall the expression we ordinarily use in speaking of the chief duty of the good soldier, apart from fighting? What is it that he must do? Suppose a man were stationed at a certain spot, and told to stay there, what would it imply? "Why," you answer, "keeping to his post." Yes, that is the word. A good soldier is the man who can keep to his post.

What if he is a picket on guard, and it is dark and he is alone. It is cold, cheerless. There is danger of being shot. There he stands with the one duty before him. You will see that it requires a great many qualities in order to be able to do just that one thing.

And what is it we have said that more than anything else develops these qualities in a man? "Drill," you answer? Yes, it is drill that makes the soldier.

Points of the Lesson.

I. That a man becomes a good soldier only by drill, and a great deal of it.

II. That the good soldier must be able to obey orders without asking questions.

III. That being soldierly means having courage and endurance.

IV. That the duty of a soldier is to stand to his post and to obey orders.

V. That being soldierly means being willing to submit to drill and discipline.

FURTHER SUGGESTIONS TO THE TEACHER.—As the subject of soldiers and armies is always of interest to children, additional features could be introduced, if thought best, through pictures of various kinds. The teacher might get an illustration of a soldier standing at his post, or on the other hand, of some monument of a soldierly figure. In showing this, point out the erect carriage, the way the soldier stands and holds his head, the strength and force latent there. Dwell on all those elements which have come into that figure or person through drill and discipline, and let the young people note these features themselves, if they can do so. Then, too, a picture might be secured of a regiment in the act of marching. This is of value in showing how they are moving together, almost as one man. Here, too, draw out the fact that this has come through the drill and discipline. Let the young people see that acting together in this way can only come by habits of submission to orders, from being accustomed to obey rules. Instead of encouraging the interest of the young people in soldiers on the fighting side, try and enlist their attention to those *habits* which make the good soldier. For this reason do not bring in pictures of wars or battles. Let the members of the class feel that

all this drill and discipline in making the good soldier, serve rather the purpose of avoiding war, by having an army ready to fight, if necessary, through the drill and discipline which the men have received. Emphasize again and again, as far as it can be done, without making it monotonous, that obedience to orders, with submission to rules, is what makes the soldierly character, developing those characteristics which people especially admire.

THE STUDY TABLE.

A Book of Christmas.

We are glad to make room in our paper this week for the following notice of Miss Evelyn H. Walker's Christmas Masque entitled "Christmas in Olden Times and in Many Lands," which we have been advertising among our UNITY publications. It is too much of a family matter for our word to carry much weight, for the author is one of the UNITY household. But certainly it is permissible for us to say that the book is attractive to the eye and appealing to the imagination of young and old, and that it is a Christmas interpretation quite in accord with the spirit of UNITY. It is a little Congress of Religion dancing around the Christmas tree. We allow our neighbor, the *Kindergarten Magazine,* to say the rest.

A CHRISTMAS MASQUE BY EVELYN H. WALKER.

Though attractive Christmas books are many, this one will soon lead the would-be gift-maker out of the Valley of Indecision. It will make an instant appeal to many; to the child, to the adult, to the teacher, the myth lover, the fact lover. In Part I, Father Christmas, jovial and reminiscent, introduces in turn the Egyptian boy Ammon, the Persian Kablu, Pudens and Gwen from ante-Christian Rome, and the Viking's daughters, Brunhilda and Chriselda. Each tells simply, briefly, graphically, how his people interpreted the winter solstice, and describes the ceremonies and customs with which they celebrated the turning of the sun from his northward journey and his promise of lengthening days and coming birds and flowers. A child in Jewish costume tells of the birth of Jesus in the words of Matthew and Luke; and then follows Marcus, the boy of Christian Rome, succeeded by the Lord of Misrule and eight mistletoe girls, representative of the Christmas of Good Queen Bess's time. The Christmas of Sir Walter Scott and of Washington Irving gives pictures of later Yuletide merry-making. In Part II, Jean, Christopher, Leif, Christina, Catharine, Francis, Gretchen, Hans, Ferdinand, and Juanita tumble in through the chimney, after a few words from Father Christmas, and describe festivities in the various lands of Christendom today. Variety is afforded by the introduction of several quaint and beautiful carols, with the music; the wassailing of the apple tree; a minuet; and a mirth-provoking mumming play, St. George and the Dragon. The writer has spared no pains to be correct in the data as given, some of the matter being secured only after much research. The book will thus be valuable as containing in one volume material heretofore to be found only after search among many. It is educational, both to mind and spirit, in the unity it establishes between peoples of all times and races; a spirit of fellowship and good-will well characterized by the closing song, "Clasping Hands with Distant Ages." The little masque has been practically tested by its author with success; it can be given as a whole, or each part may be given independently, and it can be lengthened or shortened at will. The stage settings can be elaborate or simple, as desired. There are several charming, full-page illustrations, and delightfully quaint and attractive figures adorn many of the pages; and, though small and dainty, they are drawn with such clearness and detail that the costumes can be made from suggestions offered by the picture. The artist is Maginel Wright. The paper is handsome, the type a light Gothic, presenting a very attractive appearance in harmony with the subject-matter. The unique and beautiful cover decoration is a beaming Father Christmas enthroned. Colors, green, violet, white and silver. Home, school, and Sunday-school will find that the book fills a long-felt need. Published by W. M. Welch & Co., Chicago. $1.50. Sold by Unity Publishing Co., 3939 Langley Ave., Chicago.

In the Country God Forgot.

This is so good a story that it is a pity it is not better. One great virtue it possesses that we wish were more frequent in modern novels. The pictures of married life in it are thoroughly pure and wholesome. The writer has not called upon any intrigues—any divorce, any loving of other people's wives or husbands to help her out. Surely this is refreshing and hopeful, considering the welter of such things that one is generally obliged to wade through in reviewing a novel, especially one dealing as this does, with frontier life.

Allied in pleasantness to this cleanness of plot is the fact that its denouement is worked out finally (without the least goody-goodiness) through the persistence in acts of love and duty by the principal characters, subduing at last even the unlovely old rancher who has been through a long life the evil genius of his neighborhood.

Altogether the influence of the book is wholesome and tender, though we think unnecessarily depressing. But its drawbacks are serious ones.

First, the English of the book is often inexcusably poor. Of course it will take a long time to bring our heterogeneously descended eighty millions to a perfect use of the common tongue; but such enormities as the following even a good proof-reader might correct: "I was only trying to treat you as I should wish my sister to be. (This from a college graduate.)

"The dust which the rain had *lain.*"

"These little ones were seldom *home.*"

(When will even our literary aspirants learn that one can *go* home or *leave* home, but may not *be* home, or *arrive* home, or *stay* home?)

Then the attempt to use original expressions (we suppose it is), betrays our author into this: "She drank punishingly of her humiliation." Surely this is queer—very queer. A more serious fault seems to us to lie in the too free use of the name of the Deity, both by the author and her characters. One does not need to be puritanical to feel that, religion apart, it is bad taste to drag in constantly, to misspell, mispronounce and bandy about generally that great name revered alike "by saints, by savage and by sage," and in a work intended for civilized readers.

Once more and in this connection we would deprecate the constant use of the epithets apparently used seriously, of "The Country God Forgot" and "that God-forsaken country," and such like, to Arizona. First, because such treatment is very injurious towards a constantly improving state of our Union; secondly, because the implication is utterly false to the feeling of its own settlers who become so fascinated by the champagney air and crystalline sunshine of their new home that they pity us dwellers in moister climes and in their feelings emulate rather the old sun-worshipers whose temples and dwellings they uncover.

But these criticisms are subsidiary to what seems to us a weightier indictment. The characters of this story, conscientiously and lovingly worked out as they are, do not appear *alive.* "There is no speculation in those eyes that they do glare withal."

Bax Wefford (Phoebus, what a name!) is an extremely dutiful and high-minded *ghost.* His little boy, Don, is no more capable of self-propulsion than the woolen elephant which serves as his tag or label. Laurel and Roberta are bright (too bright!) but their chronicler has evolved their conversation out of her inner consciousness. In their hours of ease, sisters don't talk like that.

In short, as we like Miss Charles very much (we infer that she is *Miss* Charles, and that this is her first book), we wish that she would dig less and forage more for her characters, observe her neighbors and their manner of talking—emulate her prototype, Bret Harte, in the temperateness of her use of profanity, and then sit down and write *the* novel of the near future, pure, deep, dramatic, fascinating! Do, please, Miss Charles!

C. S. K.

*"In the Country God Forgot." A story of today. By Francis Charles. $1.50—Little, Brown & Co., Boston.

THE HOME.

Helps to High Living.

SUN.—Truth shall spring out of the earth; and righteousness shall look down from heaven.
MON.—And David fed the people according to the integrity of his heart; and guided them by the skilfulness of his hand.
TUES.—It is good for me to draw near to God. I put my trust in the Lord.
WED.—A father of the fatherless is God in his holy habitation.
THURS.—All my springs are in thee, O Lord.
FRI.—Unto thee, O Lord, belongeth mercy; for thou renderest to every man according to his work.
SAT.—Thy right hand is full of righteousness, O God, and thy praise is unto the ends of the earth.

—*Psalms.*

A Star and a Song.

'Tis a wonderful Star with a radiant light,
Which the wise men follow one winter's night;
But Mary heeds not the glowing skies,—
She finds her stars in a baby's eyes.

'Tis a wonderful song, with a new refrain,
How the shepherds listen to catch each strain!
But Joseph hears not the angel throng,
There sings in his heart such an old-new song.

And sweet mothers still, and the sages wise,
Will the Christ star seek in each wee child's eyes,
And where love is tender and pure and true
The joy of the angels is hymned anew.

—*Bertha Johnston in the Kindergarten Magazine.*

Christmas in Italy.

I am little Christopher, and I live under the sunny skies of Italy. It is so warm in my country that we do not often need a fire, and many people have no stoves. But in my home we have an open fire-place, and on Christmas eve we always burn the Christmas log. All our cousins come to see us at that time, and we have a jolly romp when the fire is lighted. After this we each sing a song or recite a poem, which we have been many days in learning. A large urn full of gifts stands on a table, and we have great sport in finding our presents. We are told that the urn is filled for us by a dear old woman called Befana, and this is the story our mothers tell us about her as we sit around the blazing Christmas fire:

When the wise men of the East were following the star of Bethlehem in search of the child Jesus, they came to the house of an old woman.

"Where are you going?" said she.

"We are going to find the little Christ-child," they answered. "We have seen his star in the East, and it is leading us to the place where he lies. See, these are the presents we are taking him. Will you not go with us?"

The old woman looked at the beautiful star. She wanted very much to see the child, but she was very busy and a little tired, and she said:

"I am cleaning my house. If you will wait until I have finished, I will gladly go with you and carry gifts also to the Christ-child."

But the wise men said, "We cannot wait. We must follow the star." And the woman went back to her work.

But as she swept and scrubbed, she thought of the star and longed to see the child. So when her work was done, she got some presents together and said to herself, "Now I will follow the star." But when she looked out the star was gone, and there was nothing to show her the way to the manger.

She has walked thousands of weary miles since that day, I am told, and she is still trying to find the star. And since she cannot give her presents to the Christ-child himself, she carries her gifts every Christmas time to other little children for the sake of the child who was laid in the manger in Bethlehem.—*From "Christmas in Olden Times and in Many Lands," by Evelyn H. Walker.*

Tapping on the Pane.

It is not only when the issue depends upon strength of arm or accuracy of aim that the help of another may mean all the difference between victory and defeat. There are spiritual conflicts unseen by human eyes in which, if it can only be afforded at the right moment, the support of an understanding and sympathizing spirit turns the scales in favor of the right.

An illustration of this occurred recently at an American seaside resort. One of the cottages which stood some distance from the beach was occupied by a mother with her only son, a particularly bright, sturdy youngster, who claimed credit for seven years.

On a certain day she said to her boy at lunch:

"Now, Rodney, I don't want you to go down to the beach this afternoon, but just to play about the lawn until I come out, and then we will go for a walk."

Rodney made no protest, although his face fell, and after his mother had retired to her room he went out on the lawn to amuse himself. It was a very hot afternoon; he had no companions, and the time soon began to hang heavy on his hands.

Now and then some of his playmates would pass on their way to the beach, and shout:

"Come along, Rodney! We're going to wade!" But he shook his head.

He could see the glistening ocean from the veranda, and it never seemed more attractive nor the cottage more utterly dull. Presently he walked slowly down to the gate and began to toy with the latch. Then, with firm-set lips and hands clasped tight behind him, he as slowly returned to the veranda.

Again, yielding to temptation, he went to the gate. This time he opened it a little, but instead of passing through, he closed it sharply, and once more made his way back to the veranda.

How hot and lonely and stupid it was there, and what a merry time the other children were having on the cool, moist sand at the edge of the frothing wavelets! He bore it as long as he could, and then, running swiftly down the gravel path, opened the gate and scampered off to join his playmates.

It was tea-time when he returned, and his mother met him with uplifted finger and reproving look.

"Ah, Rodney, Rodney," she said, "you have disobeyed me! You have been at the beach in spite of what I told you!"

Rodney's flaming cheeks and downcast eyes and silent tongue constituted a sufficient confession, and his mother went on:

"Now I want to tell you, Rodney, that I was watching you all the time. I saw you go to the gate twice and come back, and then go through it the third time."

Rodney suddenly found his tongue, and looking up at his mother with a world of meaning in his big brown eyes, said:

"You were watching me the whole time?"

"Yes," answered the mother, wondering what was in the little mind.

"And you saw me go down to the gate and come back again?" he continued.

"I did," was her response, still more perplexed.

"Then, mother," he asked, bravely, although the little lips trembled, "why didn't you tap on the window and help a fellow?"

Oh, the infinite, inexpressible pathos of it! The baby conscience struggling for the right, and only needing the quiet tap of the mother's finger upon the window-pane to nerve it for victory!—*J. Macdonald Oxley in Youth's Companion.*

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THE FIELD.

"The World is my Country; to do good is my Religion."

'Long About the Christmas Time.

Does me good, when work is done,
An' I face the settin' sun,
Makin' of my homeward way
In the winter twilight gray,
Jest to think that where the light
Of my fireplace cleaves the night,
Little children watch an' wait
Fer the latch-clink o' the gate—
'Specially when sweet bells chime
'Long about the Christmas time!

They're so good 'fore Christmas comes
(Thinking o' them horns an' drums)
Feared the angels—ef they see—
Coax 'em all away from me!
Almost gits me feelin' sad—
Ruther have 'em spiced with bad;
Tumblin', rumblin' down the stairs,
Goin' to bed without their prayers!
But they're cunnin',—heard the chime
Of the bells o' Christmastime!

Good Lord bless 'em! They're to me
Branches on life's Christmas tree;
Wouldn't be the world it is,
Ef one branch I come to miss!
They're the sunbeams on life's snow—
They're the heart-lights here below!
What would this world ever be
Ef their arms waz loosed from me?
'Specially when sweet bells chime
'Long about the Christmastime?

—*Frank L. Stanton.*

Foreign Notes.

THE GEORGE JUNIOR REPUBLIC.—Let its name and organization justify your collector of foreign notes for calling attention to the development of this smallest republic. From an editorial in the current number of the *Junior Republic Citizen* it appears that "the steady growth of the George Junior Republic and the necessity of allowing for its development have led Mr. George and the trustees of the Association to take steps to put the Republic system upon a wider and surer basis. The problems immediately before the trustees are those involved in the spread of the system to wider fields outside the Republic and to dealings with ever increasing numbers within.

"In order to give proper attention to the broader questions of policy, while at the same time preserving his peculiar and touching relations to the citizens, Mr. George has asked the trustees to relieve him of the numberless questions of official detail which press upon a superintendent at the Republic. With the understanding that Mr. George will remain at Freeville as the resident member of the Executive Committee, and thus continue to direct the policy of the Republic, the trustees accepted his resignation as superintendent and have offered that position to Mr. John A. Parker, of Springfield, Mass., who has for a number of years been in the service of the school board in that city. This arrangement will not only allow more fully for the expected growth and development of the Freeville Republic, but will enable Mr. George to give more time and attention to the broader questions of policy and the trustees to take the first steps toward organizing the Junior Republic in Connecticut, for which land was given to the Association two years ago by the will of Miss Mary Buell, of Litchfield. At a recent meeting of the trustees, Mr. George was elected vice-president of the Association."

In a little "supplement" which is enclosed with this number of the *Citizen*, David F. Lincoln, M. D., writes on "Recent Progress at the Republic." He says in part:

"It ought to be recognized that the Republic is still in a formative stage; far more so than is generally known. The realization of this fact has led the trustees to cut down the number of inmates somewhat; it is kept at one hundred for the present, and scores of applications have been declined. The question of enlargement and of the possible maximum number is left to a future day.

"There are needs and deficiencies not yet made good. For example, while gymnastic apparatus is on hand, there is no house to set it up in, and an effort has just been begun to obtain $1,500 for this purpose. (Miss Titus, at the Republic, Freeville, N. Y., will receive contributions.) The want of a larger common room is felt. Money for repairs is not always forthcoming. Over against these defects we can place several important improvements. The chapel is nearly finished. The New York cottage has been in successful operation nearly a year, furnishing a comfortable home for the volunteer helpers and lodging six boys. The Jane Hope cottage is nearly completed. The Miller library has been rebuilt in excellent taste, as a wing to the superintendent's cottage. An oven for the bread for the Republic has just been installed at the expense of the ladies' auxiliary of Syracuse, in a newly-built wing of the Howland (girls') cottage. An enlargement to the barn is in progress. A new building for court house and jail is promised by a wealthy patron.

"On the side of discipline and influence, again, it is possible to point out defects. Among these, the difficulty of obtaining teachers for the day school who can intelligently accept and work under Republic principles has always been a cause of regret to the trustees. But it is remarkable what a number of improvements, great and small, have been made within a year. The practice of throwing up one's job without good cause was formerly very common and annoying to those responsible for good work. This has been checked by requiring a recommendation from applicants, which is refused to those who give trouble in this way. The runaways are not now punished by the Republic court unless they have violated some law in connection with their escape. The boys are jailed by night and have some of their privileges curtailed, while the girls are kept working in the superintendent's cottage, under a matron's charge for different lengths of time. The redemption of the children's earnings in Republic aluminium coin, for United States currency, at the rate of five to one, is regularly made at the time of their honorable discharge from the Republic, but the wholesome restriction has been put in force that the recipient must show that he earned the money in wages and did not make it by speculation. The bank affairs have been put on a new basis, under the care of an older boy, and all the departments (farm, laundry, printing office, etc.) keep an account with it. The appearance of the monthly paper has considerably improved, owing to the greater permanence with which the 'prentices hold their places. A lesson in respect for nice surroundings will surely be taught by the new and beautiful library conducted under the eye of Mrs. George, whose parlor opens directly into the reading room."

Of this new library citizen 278 writes as follows in the *Junior Republic Citizen:*

"The new library is one of the nicest places to enjoy yourself and study that I have ever saw in the Junior Republic. It is a new room leading from the parlor of Daddy's cottage. It was just completed a short time ago. It will pay anybody to just take a look at it. It has a fine hard wood floor and polished very fine. It is steam heated, and therefore will be nice and warm in winter time. In summer if it is too warm, the windows can be raised and it will not be uncomfortable. There are about 2,000 books, most all of which are new. There are pictures hanging all around the walls, showing the citiens working, playing some interesting games, different buildings, of the Republic, etc. At night this library is lighted by eight oil lamps, hanging from the ceiling, and therefore this library is very light at night. As you come into this library you first must enter a sort of dressing room, where you are to remove your shoes and put on slippers, so you would not make any noise or scratch the floor while you are in the library. When you have picked out the book that you want to read, you are to sit to a table and be perfectably still.

"You have to have your hair combed hands and face clean etc., before you are allowed to handle the books. The library closes at 9.00 p. m."

The *Junior Republic Citizen* is the monthly paper published by the citizens of the Republic and all their contributions appear as written, without correction of spelling, punctuation or phraseology.

M. E. H.

Congress of Religion Receipts for Year Ending June 1, 1903.

Previously acknowledged	$659.30
All Souls Church, Chicago	200.00
Total	$859.30

The Last Clover Bloom.

As down the winding path I went,
  Where now no leaf is on the tree,
Where frost has touched the faded grass
  And blighted all the greenery,
One solitary clover bloom
  Forlorn, yet brave, looked up at me,
A lonesome, stinted, feeble flower,
  And yet—it had a bee!

So, though the chill November breeze,
  Among the rifled boughs made moan,
And all the grieving park had lost
  The summer beauty it had known
And though the poor, pinched, clover bloom
  Was pale, neglected and alone,
Still, spite of all, it must have kept
  Some honey of its own.

Courage, faint heart! though wide and dark
  Alien and cold, the world may be,
Though summer friends and flowers are fled
  And winter frowns on land and sea,
Keep thou some strength and sweetness still,
  So sad hearts, wandering hungrily,
Like this belated bee forlorn,
  May find some help in thee.

—*Elizabeth Akers Allen, in Sunset Song and Other Verses.*

Not a life below the sun
But is precious—unto one!
Not an eye, however dull,
But seems—somewhere—beautiful;
Not a heart, howe'er despised,
But is passioned for and prized.
Fool! Who laughs al-lack of graces.
Each man hath a many faces!

—*Edwin Arnold.*

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Desiring to reach as large a number of teachers as possible, a special offer is made of UNITY for three months for twenty-five cents, the subscription to begin with this issue, as long as the edition holds out.

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